For following her affaires, put in his legs,
Come my Lord, away. *Exit.*

Gloſt. I am ſorry for thee friend, tis the Dukes pleaſure,
Whoſe diſpoſition all the world well knowes
Will not be rubd nor ſtopt, Ile intreate for thee.

Kent. Pray you do not ſir. I haue watcht and trauaild hard,
Some time I ſhall ſleepe out, the reſt Ile whiſtle,
A good mans fortune may grow out at heeles,
Giue you good morrow.

Gloſt. The Duke's too blame in this, twill be ill tooke.
Exit.

Kent. Good King, that muſt approue the common ſaw,
Thou out of heauens benediction comeſt
To the warme Sunne.
Approach thou beacon to this vnder globe,
That by thy comfortable beames I may
Peruſe this letter, nothing almoſt ſees my wracke
But miſery, I know tis from *Cordelia*,
Who hath moſt fortunately bene informed
Of my obſcured courſe, and ſhall finde time
From this enormious ſtate, ſeeking to giue
Loſſes their remedies, all weary and ouer-watcht,
Take vantage heauy eies not to behold
This ſhamefull lodging; Fortune goodnight,
Smile, once more turne thy wheele. *He ſleepes.*

Enter Edgar.

Edgar, I heare my ſelfe proclaim'd,
And by the happy hollow of a Tree,
Eſcapt the hunt, no Port is free, no place
That guard, and moſt vnuſuall vigilence
Doſt not attend my taking while I may ſcape,
I will preſerue my ſelfe, and am bethought
To take the baſeſt and moſt pooreſt ſhape,
That euer penury in contempt of man,
Brought neere to beaſt; my face ile grime with filth,
Blanket my loines, elſe all my haire with knots,

And

And with preſented n
The winde, and perſec
The Country giues m
Of *Bedlam* beggers, v
Strike in their numb'd
Pins, wooden prickes
And with this horribl
Poore pelting village
Sometime with lunat
Enforce their charity
That's ſomething yet

En

Lear. Tis ſtrange th
And not ſend backe n
Knight. As I learn'd
No purpoſe of his ren
Kent. Haile to thee
Lear. How, mak'ſt
Foole. Ha, ha, looke,
Horſes are tide by the
By the necke, munkie
By the legs, when a m
hen he weares wood
Lear. What's he, th
thee here?
Kent. It is both he a
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes.
Lear No I ſay.
Kent. I ſay yea.
Lear. No, no, they
Kent. Yes they hau
Lear. By *Iupiter* I ſw
They would not, coul
To do vpon reſpect ſu
Reſolue me with all m

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C3